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A GOOD APPLE HARVEST. From the Picture by Fred Morgan.

Lillie Rozer Boise

WHY FRED CHANGED HIS MIND.

(By Lydia L. Rouse.)

Fred Baker sat one winter evening watching his mother as she patiently stitched away on the garments of her more prosperous neighbors. Mrs. Baker was a widow and her income was so small that she must needs eke it out by the help of the needle. Fred was almost thirteen, and was the oldest of her three children. He attended school every day, and Saturday he also spent over his books, for he had determined to make a scholar of himself, and so be fitted to make a good livelihood for his mother and sisters.

But other thoughts suddenly crossed his mind. 'What if mother does not live *until I am a man?* She looks pale and thin. I'd better not wait to do great things. I'd better begin now. Mr. Richie needs a boy over at his store. I think that I will speak for the place. He paid Bert Randolph four dollars a week.'

He rose up, put on his overcoat, took his hat and went toward the door.

'Where are you going, my son?' asked Mrs. Baker, looking up from her work.

'I am just going over to Mr. Richie's store.'

'Very well, that is a safe place for you.'

Mr. Richie was Fred's Sunday-school teacher, and she thought that he wanted to ask something about the lesson, as it was Saturday evening and he had been studying his lesson. But he did not even think of his lesson. His mind was full of his new plan. He asked for the situation and procured it, but said nothing until early Monday morning, when he was obliged to explain.

Said he, 'Mother I am going into Mr. Richie's store. I knew you would not object, and I had intended to keep the whole thing a secret until I had in my hands four dollars, my first week's wages. But I could not do it, because I must leave home before seven o'clock, and stay away until nine in the evening. What do you think of my plan?'

Mrs. Baker burst into tears, and replied, 'I think that you are a blessed boy, Fred. I never felt the pinch of poverty in all my life as I did last week. My heart was very heavy, although I tried to be trusting. I said a score of times, "God will provide a way," but these thoughts would return, 'The snow and the cold are here, and I have only a bushel of coal, almost no provisions, and but *fifty* cents in my purse." Why, Fred, four dollars is more than I can earn in a week. God bless you, my son! I feel that He has indeed provided a way. I had not thought of your leaving school, you were so anxious to secure an education.'

'I was, mother, but I am sure it is my duty to give you immediate help. I could not go on making fine plans about being able to help you by and by in a very gentlemanly way, while you were breaking yourself down to keep a big strong boy in school. A little self-denial at this time may be no bad thing for me. Mr. Richie says that all our education does not come out of books.'

He was soon ready, and as he stood with his hat in his hand he said, 'Give me a kiss, mother, to keep me company. The hours may seem long to-day.'

She kissed him fondly, and again said, 'God bless you,' and he went out to undertake his first day's work.

Fred Baker is now twenty-five years old, and he is head clerk at Mr. Richie's store, with a salary sufficient to support his mother and to educate his sisters, who are expecting to become teachers in the near future. He has never regretted for a moment having done the duty that lay nearest to him.—'Intelligencer.'

THE IDEAL SABBATH-SCHOOL.

(By J. S. Kelsey.)

The Sabbath-school is often called the nursery of the Church. It is, therefore, thought by old folks to be no place for them, while young men and women, in youthful pride that they are no longer children, feel that they have outgrown the nursery. As a consequence, the school is relegated to the little ones only and made to perform only nursery work. A line is thus drawn which greatly limits the usefulness of the Church in one of its most important branches of service. It hampers the pastor and his corps of workers down through all ranks, and not only prevents the enjoyment of greater knowledge and use of the bible, but diminishes even the circulation of the precious volume among the people, endangering the pathway and salvation of many souls sacredly committed to the care of the Church.

The Sabbath-school is a nursery where care and instruction are tenderly adapted to the very young. But it is more. And because it is more the Church should insist upon its larger meaning by urging a better and more correct definition. What, then, is the Sabbath-school? To this enquiry what answer shall be given sufficiently comprehensive to sweep the entire circle of its purpose and work? If it be said that the Sabbath-school is the Church at study, perhaps it would be somewhere near the mark. The whole Church, the aged, ripe for heaven, full of counsel as of hope and peace; the middle-aged, full of vigor as of desire for activity and usefulness; the young men and maidens abounding with vital energy and thronged with the subtlest perils of life; the children, alert in memory, receptive in mind and in that formative period which decides character for futurity; all classes alike graciously blessed with opportunity to receive and impart more and still more light from the Divine Word. The ideal is high, true, but what ideals are not for the Christian? Sure it is that were a church to resolve itself into such a body of teachers and learners that would be an ideal Sabbath-school. Every hand would hold not a lesson leaf but a bible. Every book in the bible would be known in its proper order. Every passage called for would be readily found. Effort would be directed toward thorough familiarity with the use of the sacred volume. Type would go with antitype, prophecy with its fulfilment, and shadow with its substance; or, in other words, the unity of the Old Testament with the New would be more prominent than is the case with the International Series.

But even under present limitations is it practicable to have every member bring, use and become familiar with the bible in the school? The experience of many years enables me to say it is perfectly practicable. Home readings are suggested in the current series. They are good. Would that every soul in the church might faithfully follow them. Yet it remains obvious, for reasons familiar to every worker, that the school must call to this duty and carefully and prayerfully meet such exigencies as arise from neglect elsewhere. Reverence for the Holy Book itself is important and fundamental. To be inculcated, the volume must be present and subject to use. Its presence can be secured. A certain school never fails to greet the superintendent's call with a wilderness of clean and well-kept bibles. Many have been purchased, some given, but the school seems to attract them all. Promptness and facility in its use are required proportionately, of course, to the degree of pedagogical skill exercised. The difficulties now encountered in honoring God's Word in the school, it is believed, are neither necessary nor insuperable, and could be measurably, if not entirely, obviated. Our aim, at least, should be even higher.—'Christian Intelligencer.'

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON V, NOVEMBER 4, 1894.

JESUS LORD OF THE SABBATH.—Mark 2: 23-28; 3: 1-5.

Commit to memory vs. 3-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'The Son of Man is Lord also of the Sabbath.'—Mark 2: 28.

THE LESSON STORY.

One Sabbath day Jesus and his disciples were walking through the fields of corn. As they went along the disciples picked some of the ears and rubbed them in their hands so as to eat the grains.

The Pharisees saw this and said that the disciples were breaking the Sabbath. They did not find fault with them for picking the corn, for that was lawful. But they thought rubbing it in the hands was working.

Jesus told them to read in the Bible what David did when he was hungry. Then he said that he was the Lord, or Master, of the Sabbath.

Another Sabbath day Jesus went into the synagogue and saw a man whose hand was withered. The Pharisees watched to see what Jesus would do, hoping to find something about which to accuse him.

Jesus knew what they were thinking, and he asked them if it was right to do good on the Sabbath. They would not answer. Then he told the man to stretch out his hand, and it was made well at once.

This is the law of the Sabbath—to worship God and to do good on his day.—Berean Lesson Book.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Sabbath a Burden, vs. 23, 24.
II. The Sabbath for Man, vs. 25-28.
III. The Sabbath for Mercy, vs. 1-5.

HOME READINGS.

M. Mark 2: 23-28; 3: 1-5.—Jesus Lord of the Sabbath.
T. Ex. 20: 1-17.—The Ten Commandments.
W. Neh. 13: 15-22.—Sabbath Reforms.
Th. Jer. 17: 19-27.—Sabbath Desecration.
F. Isa. 58.—Acceptable Sabbath Keeping.
S. Isa. 1: 11-20.—Vain Oblation.
S. Psalm 84: 1-12.—Delight in God's Ordinances.

Time.—A. D. 28, summer, soon after the last lesson; Tiberius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Perea.

Place.—Capernaum and its neighborhood.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

Parallel passages, Matt. 12: 1-14; Luke 6: 1-11. 23. Corn fields—fields of barley or wheat. Pluck the ears—broke off the heads and rubbed them in their hands (Luke 6: 1) to separate the grain from the chaff. 24. Not lawful—charging them not with theft, but with Sabbath-breaking. 25. What David did—see 1 Sam. 21: 1-6. His necessity set aside a ceremonial law. If they condemned the disciples, they must condemn David also. 26. Shewbread—twelve loaves were placed upon a table in the Holy Place, as a symbol of the communion of God with men. 27. Made for Man—for rest from labor and for worship; not as a burden, but as a comfort and a blessing. 28. The Son of Man—the Messiah who came to redeem man. Lord of the Sabbath—not to abolish it, but to show how it is to be observed. Ch. 3-2. They—the scribes and Pharisees. (See Luke 6: 7.) Watched him—to find some accusation against him. 4. Read the parallel passages. To relieve a beast on the Sabbath was lawful; how much more to heal a suffering man! 5. Restored—with the command Jesus gave the power to obey. These two cases show what may be done on the Sabbath day. The one was a work of necessity, the other a work of mercy.

QUESTIONS.

Introductory.—Which is the fourth commandment? When was the Sabbath instituted? Which day of the seven hath God appointed to be the weekly Sabbath? Title? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. The Sabbath a Burden, vs. 23,24.—What did the disciples do on a certain Sabbath day? What did the Pharisees say to Jesus? How did they make the Sabbath a burden?

II. The Sabbath for Man, vs. 25-28.—What answer did Jesus give the Pharisees? What made it right for David to eat the shew bread? How did his example justify the disciples? How was the Sabbath made for man? How is Jesus Lord of the Sabbath?

III. The Sabbath for Mercy, vs. 1-5.—Who watched Jesus in the Synagogue? For what purpose? What did Jesus ask them? Why did they not answer his question? What did he say to the man with the withered hand? What did the man do? What works are lawful on the Sabbath day?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. The Sabbath is intended to be a joy and a blessing.
2. We need its rest both for body and soul.
3. We should love its sacred services, and spend the day in doing and receiving good.
4. Only works of necessity and mercy are lawful on the Sabbath.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. For what act did the Pharisees charge the disciples with Sabbath-breaking? Ans.—For plucking ears of corn to eat when they were hungry.
2. On what ground did they bring the same charge against Jesus? Ans.—For healing a man with a withered hand on the Sabbath day.
3. What did Jesus claim for himself? Ans.—The Son of Man is Lord even of the Sabbath day.
4. What works did he show to be right on the Sabbath day? Ans.—Works of necessity and mercy.

LESSON VI. NOVEMBER 11, 1894.

THE TWELVE CHOSEN.—Mark 3: 6-19.

Commit to memory vs. 13-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'I have chosen you, and ordained you, that you should go and bring forth fruit.'—John 15: 16.

THE LESSON STORY.

After Jesus healed the man with a withered hand the Pharisees went away and made a plan to kill him. Do you know why the Pharisees hated the holy Saviour? It was because he came telling men that they must do right and keep the law in their hearts. The Pharisees were men who pretended to be good when they were wicked, and they saw that Jesus could read their evil thoughts. This made them hate him.

But the Saviour knew their plan and went away with his disciples to the Sea of Galilee. A great many people came from distant places to hear him, and to be healed by him, and he healed many and cast out evil spirits.

After this he went to a lonely place and prayed all night. In the morning he called his disciples and they came to him. Then he chose twelve of them to be with him. He wanted to send them out to preach and to heal sick people and cast out devils.

He called the twelve 'apostles,' which means messengers.

It is a great honor to be a messenger of Jesus. He has many messengers now. Are you one?—Berean Lesson Book.

HOME READINGS.

M. Matt. 12: 14-21.—The Pharisees' conspiracy.
T. Mark 3: 6-19.—The twelve chosen.
W. John 15: 10-17.—Chosen of Christ.
Th. Eph. 1: 1-14.—Chosen to be Holy.
F. Acts 26: 12-22.—Chosen to be a Witness.
S. Matt. 10: 1-20.—The Twelve Sent Forth.
S. Matt. 10: 21-42.—The Twelve Encouraged.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Thronging of the People, vs. 6-12.
II. Ordaining of the Apostles, vs. 13-15.
III. Names of the Twelve, vs. 16-19.

Time.—A. D. 28, summer; Tiberius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Perea.

Places.—At the Sea of Galilee; the Mount of Beatitudes, or the Horns of Hattin, seven miles south-west of Capernaum.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

6. Herodians—a political party which favored the claim of Herod's family to kingly power. Their common hatred of Jesus made these enemies friends. 7. To the sea—to the shores of the Sea of Galilee. From Galilee—from its towns and villages. Judea—the southern province of Palestine, west of the Jordan. Idumea—Edom, south and south-east of Palestine. Tyre and Sidon—cities of Phœnicia, on the sea coast north of Palestine. 10. Plagues—diseases of mind or body. 12. Not make him known—not proclaim him as the Messiah. (See Lesson III.) 13. He goeth into a mountain—there he remained all night in prayer. Luke 6: 12. Ordained—chose. 16. He surnamed Peter—see Lesson VII., Third Quarter. 18. Bartholomew—the same as Nathanael. John 1: 48. James the son of Alpheus—called 'the less' or younger. Mark 15: 40. Thaddeus—called also Judas, the author of the Epistle of Jude. The Canaanite—rather, 'the Zealot.'

QUESTIONS.

Introductory.—What was the subject of the last lesson? What did Jesus teach about the Sabbath? Title? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. Thronging of the People, vs. 6-12.—How did the words and works of Jesus affect the Pharisees? Who were the Herodians? Why did they so hate Jesus? (Compare John 15: 18, 24, 25.) Where did Jesus go? Who followed him? From what other regions did many come? What miracles did Jesus perform?

II. Ordaining of the Apostles, vs. 13-15.—Where did Jesus go? How did he spend the night? Why? What did he then do? For what purpose did he ordain them? What power did he give them?

III. Names of the Twelve, vs. 16-19.—Name the twelve apostles. Why were James and John called 'Boanerges?' How is Judas Iscariot here distinguished? What was the great work of the apostles?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Christ chooses and sends forth his ministers.
2. He gives them their message, and appoints them to their place of labor.
3. He promises to be with them always.
4. The rejection of their message will meet with his displeasure.
5. 'Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound.' Ps. 89: 15.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What did the Pharisees do in their hatred of Jesus? Ans.—They took counsel with the Herodians against him, how they might destroy him.
2. What did Jesus do? Ans.—He withdrew himself with his disciples to the Sea of Galilee.
3. What did he do for the multitude that followed him? Ans.—He healed many who were sick and who were possessed with unclean spirits.
4. Whom did he now choose? Ans.—He chose twelve from among his disciples, that they should be with him, and that he might send them forth to preach.
5. What power were they to have? Ans.—Power to heal sickness and to cast out devils.
6. Name the twelve apostles.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

'DRAWN WORK.'

(By Annette L. Noble.)

'I wish there were Keeley cures for confirmed "drawn workers,"' exclaimed a bright little woman on the piazza of a friend's house.

'What do you mean?' asked her companion, ceasing work on a dainty 'doiley.'

'I do not mean anything personal. But have you noticed, Mrs. Grey, to what a senseless extent this passion for fine needlework has spread among women? I long to circulate a pledge of total abstinence from it. Last week I visited a friend in N——. Her daughter Clara is twenty years old, in good health, a bright, agreeable girl, lately graduated from the high school. N—— is a large town, and close by is the city of L——, where are excellent teachers of languages, music, art, kindergarten, physical culture, type-writing, stenography, and all those things in which women are perfecting themselves.

'My friend's daughter is devoted to "drawn work." Her mother took me into the parlor and with an air of joyous triumph, displayed Clara's work of the year past. There were three pairs of linen window curtains, with borders over half-a-yard deep, all of drawn work: thousands of drawn threads, millions of stitches — hours, weeks, a whole year's leisure spent over it all!

'"Really," said the mother, "nobody can imagine the amount of work! I don't know of another such a set of curtains anywhere."

'I longed to say, "I should hope not." Think of it! They were pretty, but for a few dollars one could buy a set really far more beautiful, if not "hand-made." As I looked at the countless holes and wheels and twisted threads, I thought what Clara might have done in the hours spent over them. She was young and quick to learn, not at all well read, not thoroughly educated. She could almost have mastered a modern language, or in the time could easily have read a small library of the best books of all the ages. The wage-winner of that family is supporting her in comfort, but his large salary is all they have. If he dies suddenly, Clara has—her drawn-work curtains! That year spent in learning some useful occupation, even cooking, would serve her well in a time of need.'

'Oh, yes; but the women who do this elaborate fancy-work often have no other real work to do, and may never need to earn a penny.'

'True; but how much of this work is what it aims to be—really beautiful? You put on your linen sheets and pillow-cases a dainty hem-stitch and a monogram. It is in good taste—I must add that you could buy it just as well done—but the pride of your neighbor's heart is a tablecloth and napkins so senselessly elaborate as to be as downright vulgar on her table as a greatly over-dressed lady would be at that table.'

'But people are apt to go to extremes in everything, and you yourself, Mrs. Hayes, are rather inconsistent. You bought ten yards of knitted lace of a woman in the hospital last week, and you sent Mary Wilson crochet-needles, thread, and patterns to work from.'

Mrs. Hayes laughed good-naturedly.

'Oh, there are exceptions to every rule. Some such work is pleasant for invalids, and poor ones can earn little comforts for themselves. My cook rejoiced in the atrocious cotton lace. As for Mary Wilson, she is too dull for much brain work. She enjoys her tidies and cushion covers, and nobody-knows-what all. She spreads them broadcast over her dingy little home, and finds them admirable. I do not quarrel with her, but with those who ought to know that "fancy-work" is not intrinsically worth while. Reform should begin where women take time that, if better invested, would yield so much richer profits; women able to buy prettier articles at shops.'

'Yes, I agree with you; but I have faith enough in my sex to believe we shall soon work ourselves out of this folly into simpler and more artistic house and home adornments. Some houses on their way to beauty must have infantile ailments as children do. They must break out in a rash of cheap pictures, or experience a run of bric-a-brac, evil enough in the sight of anyone used to ornaments few and good of their sort. Improvement comes later.'

'Let us hope so.'—'American Messenger.'

CODFISH IN VARIOUS WAYS.

The housewife who endeavors to have a variety in the food she places upon her table, may be thankful if none of the members of her family are among those who 'cannot even bear the smell of codfish,' for it forms the base of many appetizing dishes. It is an especial boon to the country housewife during the summer season. The packages of boneless codfish are preferable to the whole fish, more convenient to use, with less of waste, and will not dry out so rapidly. Some of the following recipes are favorites in our family:

Codfish Toast.—Place in a saucepan a generous slice of butter, several small squares of codfish which have been soaked in cold water for an hour or more. Fry until a delicate brown and add rich sweet milk. Let it come to a boil, add pepper, and salt if necessary. Pour this over slices of toasted bread, having a square of codfish for each slice. Or thicken the milk with a tablespoon of cornstarch rubbed smooth in a little cold milk. In this case the toast must be softened by dipping in boiling salted water.

Codfish a La Mode.—One cup of codfish picked up fine, two cups of mashed potatoes, one pint of rich sweet milk, two well-beaten eggs, a scant half-cup of butter, salt and pepper; mix well, bake in a baking dish twenty or twenty-five minutes.

Codfish Cakes.—Use one-third finely shredded fish to two-thirds mashed potatoes. Place the fish in a saucepan, cover with cold water, let come to a boil and simmer five minutes, drain and add a piece of butter. While hot, mix well with the potatoes. Add a well-beaten egg. Shape into flat cakes by using a little flour. Place in hot butter or meat drippings, brown on both sides and serve hot. These make a good breakfast dish and may be made into cakes the previous evening.

Codfish and Cream.—Pick the codfish into bits and soak in cold water for two hours. Drain, pour on a pint or more of sweet milk and place on the stove where it will slowly simmer; cook gently for ten minutes, add to it a tablespoon of flour mixed smooth, and a half-cup of sweet cream; let boil for a moment, remove from the stove and stir in the beaten yolks of two eggs. Serve hot.

Mock Oyster Soup.—Place a tea-cup of shredded codfish in a quart or more of cold water on the stove. Let simmer half-an-hour, add a pint of stewed tomatoes, and a very little saleratus. Boil five minutes, add a quart of sweet milk, a slice of butter, salt and pepper. When it reaches the boiling point it is ready to serve with crackers or croutons.

Broiled Salt Cod.—Soak nice white strips of the fish for several hours in cold water; dry them with a cloth, and lay them over clear hot coals on a broiler that has been rubbed with suet. Brown the fish nicely on both sides, remove to a hot platter and lay upon each piece a little fresh butter. A fringe of fried potatoes is a good accompaniment. Codfish is good boiled, but it should be well soaked out and be allowed to simmer for two or three hours. It may be served with drawn butter; hard-boiled eggs sliced on it, make a fine addition.—'Housekeeper.'

REMEMBER THE ANNIVERSARIES.

(By Carrie May Ashton.)

'We can't afford to do anything for birthdays this year at our house,' said a tired, hollow-eyed woman to a friend. 'The times are too hard, and it's all we can do to just live.' As I hastened on my way I contrasted the difference between a friend who, although in straitened circumstances, never allowed a holiday or birthday to pass by unremembered. Few of us are able to purchase expensive gifts for our loved ones, but even the poorest can make something that will gladden the hearts of the little ones.

When the birthdays and wedding anniversaries come round, let there be a little air of festivity. It will not cost much to make a white cake—or any other will answer just as well—and ice it all over. Perhaps it can be ornamented with a wreath or bunch of flowers, or as many candles as the recipient is years old. It is by no means the people of wealth who make their children the happiest. The simplest gifts that come within the reach of all of us are frequently the most prized.

What can be more welcome to the housewife living in the city, than a jar of golden butter fresh from the farm, a pair of plump chickens, or a basket of eggs? To a dear shut-in there can be nothing more acceptable than a pot of growing ferns, a plant in bloom, or some sea mosses mounted in a little booklet. To the brothers and sisters, sons and daughters who are away at school and often long for home cooking, there is nothing more welcome than a box of goodies—a roasted fowl, a cake, some canned fruit and jelly.

'I never had a birthday present in my life,' said a woman of thirty to a friend, when shown some lovely gifts sent her upon her birthday by thoughtful friends. It is very sad to me to know how many people neglect these little things. They cannot know how much they are losing of life's beauty and sweetness. When our children go out from the home roof tree to do battle with the world, these home festivals will have a lasting influence on them through life. How much it means to the business man or woman, to the patient, weary wife and mother, to know that the good old mother never forgets them, and as the birthdays roll around, some gift, fashioned ofttimes by her own fingers, finds it way to them. It richly pays to remember these little things, trifles though they are. Is there not enough of sorrow and sadness in this world, and should not each of us do our share in making it happier?

If every wedding anniversary were remembered in some way, no matter how simple, there would be more happiness in the home life. A bunch of flowers, a new book or picture costs but little; but oh, how much it means to the wife who has tried so hard to do her part.—'Agriculturist.'

WHERE THE BOY SLEEPS.

It generally happens that the bedrooms in a farmhouse are large and pleasant. Yet for economical reasons, the boy of the household is allowed to sleep with the farm hand, or, at least, to share his room. This room is apt to be over the kitchen, and is generally the most uncomfortable one in the house, especially in summer. The housewife seldom thinks about the matter at all; she is simply following accepted customs, and lessening her labors by making one bed instead of two. She forgets how very greatly children are influenced by the older people, with whom they are brought in such close relations. To say nothing of the physical risk of allowing a boy to share the room of a man who generally smokes the worst kind of tobacco and is not too dainty in his personal habits, there is that greater risk of moral contagion. Very often these farm hands are men of whose antecedents the farmer and his wife know nothing. Some of them are driftwood from the vilest elements of the city, 'tramping' through the country. While the parents sleep, the boy is listening to all sorts of wickedness. Highly-colored stories of city life, and adventures of all doubtful kinds are told so alluringly that often the first seeds of discontent with farm life are sown in the boy's mind. The best bedrooms of the home should be enjoyed by the members of the household, not slept in at rare intervals by people for whose physical and moral well-being the housewife is not responsible. The farmer's boy is apt to be careless in his personal habits, because he is not taught to be particular in caring for household plenishings or his own belongings. Everything is locked up; there is no education, but simple prohibition. By giving him a room to himself, with all the accessories of a neat toilette, he will not only learn to be particular in his personal habits, the first of all requisites to a healthy condition of living, but will be saved from one dangerous source of disease in farm life—the use in common by all the members of the household of one wash-bowl and towel.

In the very heart of sunshine, where there are no piles of brick and stone to shut out the light and air, a house is suffered to become full of disease germs. This simple fact accounts for what is called the mysterious fatality of fevers in our farming communities. The effect of darkness and bad air upon children is quite as disastrous as upon plants, with this difference: the mental and moral well-being of the children suffer, as well as their bodies. How can you expect a child to be cheerful and free from morbid fancies if you force him to spend the most susceptible years of his life in a gloomy house foul with vitiated air? If the farmer's wife wants to have sweet, wholesome children, she must open her closed shutters and air every room, whether used or not, at least once a day.—'Ladies' Home Journal.'

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

There is one thing that ought to be banished from every house; something so unclean that I do not like to even mention it, and that is the kitchen slop-pail. There is absolutely no need of one, and it is an almost certain sign of a poor and wasteful housekeeper. Waste water should be carried out at once, in a covered tin pail, and the pail washed out and left in the sun and air to purify, uncovered; vegetable peelings and other refuse ought to be put in a clean, covered basket, lined with thick paper, and set out doors. Kitchen refuse kept dry is practically harmless; thrown into a pail of water to putrefy, it will poison the air with noxious gases. The complaint fashionably called 'malaria,' is often but another name for uncleanliness in the kitchen. Every woman in charge of a house ought to have a knowledge of the purifying effects of fresh air and sunshine drilled into her somehow.

There should never be a cellar nor a kitchen closet built without a door or window opening directly into the open air.

Damp, musty, underground holes cause diphtheria and typhoid fever, and there ought to be a law authorizing health officers to fill them up or suppress them in some way. Why should people be allowed to introduce those two dread diseases into a neighborhood any more than they would be allowed to spread small-pox or the plague? If they must become pests and make pest-houses of their dwellings, then they should be tethered off out in the woods somewhere by themselves.—'Womankind.'

FOR THE KITCHEN.

Among the many new inventions shown at Chicago, and appreciated by housekeepers, was a kneading-board of polished metal with patent attachments. The best of all is one of marble, but this is so heavy it would be better to have a stationary marble-top table in the kitchen. The wooden kneading-board is said to be a harborer of germs and microbes, and it is almost an impossibility to keep these boards chemically clean. A tin rolling-pin has much to recommend it in the way of lightness, cleanness and freedom from sticking. Chopping trays, potato-mashers and other wooden utensils for kitchen use, have excellent substitutes in one of the metals or minerals. If frying-pans must be used long after they should be thrown away, vinegar and salt will clean off the crust which has formed, but they should be thoroughly scoured afterward with sand-soap or any good scouring soap. Borax should be used more than it is in the kitchen. As a cleansing and softening agent, it has an advantage over sal-soda, for it does not tarnish the color or eat into a substance. A tablespoonful in a kettle of water will make tins as good as new, if they are allowed to boil in it for an hour or two.

ONE SUNDAY.

(By Sally Campbell.)

He was the only passenger who got off the cars on that Saturday evening. He was young, almost boyish, tall and slight, with light hair and mild, light eyes set far apart in a face that looked pale to the sunburned loungers about the station. There were a great many of these, for the coming in of the train was the event of the day in the isolated Western town. They were rough-looking men, the most of them, miners, with grimy faces and the sleeves of their flannel shirts rolled up to their elbows, with here and there a straw-hatted clerk from one of the stores and the usual rabble of small boys. The newcomer took in all his surroundings in one deliberate glance and then, without speech of anybody, walked rapidly along the platform toward the single street of the village.

The silence which had fallen upon the bystanders at the instant when the train got in, lasted until he got out of earshot. Then old Pete Saunders shifted his tobacco from one side of his mouth to the other, spat with a science which was the admiration and despair of every boy in the town, and remarked, laconically, 'Tenderfoot.'

And Bob Ellis, pointing out with a gesture of his big thumb the ominous length of the tails of the stranger's coat, added, with still greater sarcastic meaning, 'Parson.'

That Bob was right, became apparent before the evening was out. For within an hour notices were posted up in several of the stores and at the post-office, and even in the bar-room of the Golden Eagle, stating that religious services would be conducted the next morning at eleven o'clock, in the hotel parlor, by the Rev. William Shearer, to which all were cordially invited.

'I can't go,' said Bob. 'Ain't that too bad! I've got another engagement about that time. But I'm just as much obliged to him. Whoever of you goes, will you give him my love, and tell him I don't see how I'll ever get over missin' it; but tell him I won't be so far off and tell him I'll be drinkin' good luck to him.'

'We've had enough of these travelling preachers,' cried a sullen-looking young fellow, with an oath. 'They keep stopping over here on Saturday night and putting off their wares on us whether we like it or not. I believe in packing them off as soon as they show themselves.'

'What's the good o' that, Jerry?' said Bob, good humoredly. 'I don't see as there's any call to act ugly over it. Give 'em a wide berth like me, that's all you've got to do. You know you needn't go call on everyone of them, and sit up nights with him reading the Bible, and get your pay docked seein' him off on the train the next day. That might do for onct, but a fellow would get tired of it.'

These seemingly innocent remarks brought a smile to all the faces near, and made Jerry flush and turn with a sudden motion of anger on the speaker. But whatever his passions might have been, he thought better of it and dropped lazily back into his place, saying as he shrugged his shoulders: 'I don't suppose anybody that knows what I've been since, would suspect me of doing that thing over again. I've travelled on fast time and got along past the place in the road where men turn back, and I don't believe, either, that there's much danger I'll have to break my heart parting company with any of you on the rest of the way down; or, if I do, we're all safe, I imagine, to turn up together in the same spot at the end of the trip.'

Reckless as his hearers were, there was something in this speech which grated even upon them. It was after a short silence that old Pete turned the subject by saying, with weighty emphasis: 'This last chap has got a slow, sassy eye on him, that's what he's got! There when the train come in he looked us over as if we were so many pictures in a book that couldn't see back for themselves. I like to have anyone use his sight that way as if he knew what it was for,' he ended, rather unexpectedly.

'Are you goin' to hear him, Uncle Pete?' asked somebody.

'I am so. I always do. It makes a nice change for a man. It wouldn't do for it to come off too often, but once in a while it's something like bein' to a theaytre', to sit up there quiet and listenin', like you was somebody respectable.'

'It don't suit me,' said Bob Ellis, who had lost something of his careless good temper in the last few minutes. 'It's all alike; you can say just what it's goin' to be before they get it off, for nine out of ten of them plump right down, first shot, on that prodigal son chapter.' A general laugh acknowledged the truth of Bob's observation. 'And when they get to handlin' him they seem to feel real comfortable, as if they were sayin' what was sure to fit. Supposin' we were all to pick up and start right off to our fathers?'

'Some of us would get a welcome that isn't mentioned anywhere in the Scriptures,' sneered Jerry.

'They'd a long sight rather we'd stay where we are,' Bob went on, 'and send home the travellin' expenses in a letter. Or else, if it ain't the prodigal son, it's that place about our sins bein' red and scarlet. I suppose of course they are, but it makes me mad to see those sleek fellows standin' there so high and mighty, throwin' it up to us poor devils that's never had the chance they have.

When Jerry went to his boarding-house that night, he was greatly put out to find that the clerical stranger had been lodged in a room next his own. He could hear him moving about there the next morning, whistling to himself in a boyish fashion as he dressed. Jerry shoved the chairs about and slammed his boots on the floor to keep out the sound, but when as quickly as possible he had escaped from the house, certain well-known words set to a familiar hymn tune, pursued him and sang themselves over and over in his brain with maddening persistence:—

When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, Oh, abide with me.

Perhaps it was this that brought him to the parlor of the Golden Eagle at a little after eleven o'clock. Pete Saunders was there in the front row, and before all was over, Bob Ellis sneaked into a seat half-hidden behind the door.

When the Rev. Mr. Shearer, ready to begin his sermon, stood up at the marble-topped table and looked about on his audience with the direct gaze which had so won old Saunders's approval, he had chosen his text neither from the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke's Gospel nor from the first chapter of Isaiah. There was a stir in the seats and an interchange of glances as the few words fell slowly on the silence of the room: 'Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations.'

And if they were a surprise to the listeners, it must be admitted that the clergyman himself was half puzzled at his own choice, though he had been unable to resist the impulse which led him to it.

'I shall never see these people again,' had been his reasoning; 'I will give them the best I have, and that is missions.'

It was a good sermon, full of the enthusiasm which was carrying the fair-haired preacher away from his home across the continent to California to sail in a few days for a life's work in Japan. And it was a better sermon, doubtless, because of the absorbed attention with which his congregation listened to it, moved as they were to deep and unexpected interest if only by the novelty of the theme.

No sooner was the service concluded than old Saunders started to his feet.

'See here, my men, there'd ought to be something to show for preachin' like that. The young gentleman's asked us for our prayers, but I don't know as they'd help him along much; we're kind o' weak on prayin'; it's a poor article round this neighborhood. But maybe our money would do. What do you say?'

He picked up his hat and passed it about the room from man to man, exhorting them to 'pay up lively' and 'show what the linin' of their pockets was made of,' to such effect that when he set it down on the table at last it was heavy with coins of many descriptions. Mr. Shearer seized on it and counted it with a youthful avidity which was favorably regarded by his patrons.

'I am much obliged to you, friends,' he said, heartily, when he had shaken out the last dime and handed the hat back to its owner. 'This will do good work for us, I hope. I had not thought of taking a collection. But it is a dangerous thing to start a missionary begging. I wish we could count on a sum like this another year. I wish someone would volunteer to put it together and send it out to us. Will you?' turning suddenly on Jerry, who was standing somewhat behind him. 'Will you take a turn at following this good friend's example a year from now?'

After a moment's thought, Jerry promised, adding carelessly, 'If I don't forget, and since it's not praying.'

Mr. Shearer promptly drew a card out of his pocket upon which he wrote an address, and handed it to Jerry. Then, as they were all about to separate, he said in a tone made solemn by its earnestness: 'My brothers, if it is true that you have never learned to pray, will you not do it now? Will you not ask for me that the very presence of our Father may go with me to these poor lost brothers to whom I am sent? They are your brothers, too, and they have never had the choice between light and darkness which has been offered to you all your lives.'

The next day he went; on the following Sunday there was some talk in the town of his sermon, which the Sunday after was replaced by other topics, and in another week the visit seemed forgotten.

Jerry had not forgotten. Try as he might to put the remembrance from him by fast living—gambling and drinking until his mates marvelled at him—he was haunted by the face and the voice of the young missionary, and chafed by it past endurance.

'I wish to God he had never come here,' he cried to himself, sitting alone one wet night in the darkness of his room. 'Why can't the preachers leave me to myself? Why can't they let me go to the bad in peace? I am sure to go. Everything has failed me. My own father and mother have turned me off, my friends have forgotten me except as something to gossip of now and then to a stranger, the society I was brought up to has shut its doors on me, and none of this is the worst. I have failed myself. There's hope in anything short of that. But when a man gives himself up, what is left?'

It might have been that the word suggested it, but so distinctly that he was startled; as though a living voice had spoken, the couplet of the hymn came back to him:—

When other helpers fail and comforts flee
Help of the helpless, Lord, abide with me.

For a moment he was silenced, but then he laughed out savagely: '"Abide with me?" We'd hardly get on, I think; we are not the kind to flock together. When a man has drunk as deep as I of the cup of devils, the cup of the Lord is not for him. I don't deny what the preacher said, that I have had the chance to choose. But I've taken my choice just as he has taken his, and I want to be left in quiet. I don't want him here, pointing out how far apart our two paths have taken us. Hardened sinner though I am, it is horrible to me to see the difference between us—to see him, young and strong like myself, with life fair and sweet and earnest before him, and the cursed wreck that I am with nothing but deeper depths beyond. If we two are brothers, the family resemblance is hard to trace; I fear it's lost, for ever and ever.'

The wind raged and shook the house, the rain dashed in gusts against the windows, and the night grew darker. At length the bent figure which had sat motionless for hours stirred, the tight, shut lips opened, and from them came the whisper: 'Hast thou not a blessing for me, even for me also, O my Father?'

It was getting very late. The keeper of the Golden Eagle had more than once hinted to his guests that it was time for them to be gone, when the bar-room door was flung open, and Jerry came in. Rain dripped from his clothes, his face was white and his eyes burning.

'Men,' he said, without preliminary, 'you all know that I tried once before after something better and failed. I am going to try again. I may fail again. God knows I am afraid enough of what the end will be. But at least I mean to make the attempt, and you might as well be told. Let us start fair about it.'

He left as suddenly as he had come, before anyone could answer him. In the midst of the storm of oaths and merriment, which broke out after his departure, Bob Ellis's burly figure presently loomed up from a corner.

'See here,' he said, bringing his hand down heavily on the counter, 'just leave Jerry be, will you? If he can work this let him. I was blamed sorry he didn't get through the other time, and now there ain't got to be no tricks played on him. For I tell you, when a person is struck with accidents or death, or any kind o' home-sickness in this place, he don't find much comfort to take in a wild crew such as us. I tell you, it's safe to have one right-livin' man about you for times like them. And what I say is, that if anybody wants to meddle with Jerry, let him settle with me.'

Settling with Bob had been tried once or twice in the history of the town, and had since gone out of fashion, so that in the hard fight before him, Jerry had found a supporter well worth the having.

A year later, true to his promise, he collected and sent to Mr. Shearer, a second contribution to missions. After the bare business note with its enclosure had been sealed and was ready to go, he broke it open and added a posteript:—'When you and I meet before our Father's face, in that day I think he will tell you that I was the first heathen you ever converted.'—'Interior.'

GREENLAND DELICACIES.

Greenlanders have no regular mealtimes, but eat when they are hungry. They seem able to go without food for a remarkably long time, and also to eat at a sitting the most astonishing quantity. Among their principal dainties is the skin of different kinds of whales. They call it matak, and look upon it as the acme of deliciousness. It is taken off with the layer of blubber next to it, and is eaten raw without ceremony. Mr. Nansen declares that he must offer the Eskimos his sincerest congratulations on the invention of the dish.

I can assure the reader that now, as I write of it, my mouth waters at the very thought of matak, with its indescribably delicate taste of nuts and oysters mingled. And then it has this advantage over oysters, that the skin is as tough as india-rubber to masticate, so that the enjoyment can be protracted to any extent.

Of vegetable food, the primitive Greenlanders used several sorts; I may mention angelica, dandelions, sorrel, crowberries, bilberries, and different kinds of seaweed.

One of their greatest delicacies is the contents of a reindeer's stomach. If a Greenlander kills a reindeer, and is unable to convey much of it home with him, he will, I believe, secure the stomach first of all; and the last thing an Eskimo lady enjoins upon her lover, when he sets off reindeer-hunting, is that he must reserve for her the stomach of his prey.

It is no doubt because they stand in need of vegetable food that they prize this so highly, and also because it is in reality a very choice collection of the finest moss and grasses which that gourmet, the reindeer, picks out for himself. It has undergone a sort of stewing in the process of semi-digestion, while the gastric juice provides a somewhat sharp and aromatic sauce.

Many will no doubt make a wry face at the thought of this dish, but they really need not do so. I have tasted it and found it not uneatable, though somewhat sour, like fermented milk. As a dish for very special occasions, it is served up with pieces of blubber and crowberries.

It is hard to understand how anyone who always hides his money before he prays, can expect to attract attention in heaven.

TAWHIAO, THE LATE KING OF THE MAORIS.

THE KING OF THE MAORIS.

Ten years ago, when Tawhiao, King of the Maoris, who died a few weeks ago of influenza, was in England, it was impressed upon him that no royal persons must object to face the portrait painter. One of the obligations of his rank—one of the distinctly defined duties of his royalty was to have his portrait painted as soon as possible. To the artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright, devolved the task of placing King Tawhiao's tatooed features on canvas. It was proposed to paint him in all the trappings of state, and the 'properties' for the picture were graciously lent by Her Majesty the Queen, to whom many had been presented in the past by the Maori monarch himself. Tawhiao sits with an expression on his face which seems to suggest that a chair is not his idea of comfort. Doubtless he had rather be cross-legged on the floor; but Mr. Seppings Wright held such a position to be unregal, and prevailed upon the king to take a chair. The portrait speaks for itself, and the artist tells us that no commission gave him more amusement or trouble in the execution, for Tawhiao proved a restless he would rather be cross-legged on always good-tempered, however, and added his praises to those of more competent judges when his portrait was completed.

King Tawhiao was the cheapest king in Christendom. His civil list only totalled up to £215 a year! The late dusky and much tatooed potentate was a son of the first native king, Potatau (Te Whero Whero), and from 1860 to 1879 he assumed a hostile attitude towards the Government of New Zealand. In 1881, however, he voluntarily gave in his submission, and after a visit to Auckland in the following year, came to England in 1884, accompanied by Major Wiremu Te Whero. Lord Derby, the Colonial Secretary of that time, played the part of host, but Tawhiao was bitterly disappointed at not being received by the Queen, and his feelings towards this country have never been cordial. Tawhiao's mother rejoiced in the unpleasantly suggestive name of Whakaawi, and his son's name is Orongokorkoca. The late king was about seventy years of age, but as time had no chance of writing wrinkles upon his aged brow, owing to the previous operations of the tatooer, his Majesty looked 'any age' when he was over here ten years ago. Of late years the king developed a taste for the tall black hat of civilization, and became so devoted to it that he would even refuse to discard it when he took his afternoon nap. Tawhiao was not an unamiable man by nature, and that he was easily satisfied is proved by his acceptance of a perpetual pension of £4 6s 6½d a week!

Words of praise are almost as necessary to warm a child into a genial life, as acts of kindness and affection. Judicious praise is to children what the sun is to flowers.

ROBIN.

BIG BROTHER.

(By Annie Fellows-Johnston.)

Every coach on the long western-bound train was crowded with passengers. Dust and smoke poured in at the windows, and even the breeze seemed hot as it blew across the prairie cornfields burning in the July sun.

It was a relief when the engine stopped at last in front of a small village depot. There was a rush for the lunch counter and the restaurant door, where a noisy gong announced dinner.

'Blackberries! blackberries!' called a shrill little voice on the platform. A bare-foot girl, wearing a sunbonnet, passed under the car windows, holding up a basket full, that shone like great black beads. A gentleman who had just helped two ladies to alight from the steps of a parlor car, called to her, and began to fumble in his pockets for the right change.

'Blackberries! blackberries!' sang another voice mockingly. This time it came from a roguish looking child, hanging half-way out of a window in the next car. He was a little fellow, not more than three years old. His hat had fallen off, and his sunny tangle of curls shone around a face so unusually beautiful, that both ladies uttered an exclamation of surprise.

'Look, papa! Look, Mrs. Estel!' exclaimed the younger of the two. 'Oh, isn't he a perfect picture! I never saw such eyes, or such delicate coloring. It is an ideal head.'

'Here, Grace,' exclaimed her father laughingly. 'Don't forget your berries in your enthusiasm. It hasn't been many seconds since you were going into raptures over them. They certainly are the finest I ever saw.'

The girl took several boxes from her basket, and held them up for the ladies to choose. Grace took one mechanically, her eyes still fixed on the child in the window.

'I'm going to make friends with him!' she exclaimed impulsively. 'Let's walk down that way. I want to speak to him.'

'Blackberries!' sang the child again, merrily echoing the cry that came from the depths of the big sunbonnet as it passed on.

Grace picked out the largest, juiciest berry in the box, and held it up to him with a smile. His face dimpled mischieviously, as he leaned forward and took it between his little white teeth.

'Do you want some more?' she asked.

His eyes shone, and every little curl bobbed an eager assent.

'What's your name, dear?' she ventured, as she popped another one into his mouth.

'Robin,' he answered, and leaned farther out to look into the box. 'Be careful,' she cautioned; 'you might fall out.'

He looked at her gravely an instant, and then said in a slow, quaint fashion: 'Why, no; I can't fall out, 'cause big brother's a holdin' on to my feet.'

She drew back a little, startled. It had not occurred to her that anyone else might be interested in watching this little episode. She gave a quick glance at the other windows of the car, and then exclaimed: 'What is it, papa,—a picnic or a travelling orphan asylum? It looks like a whole carload of children.'

Yes, there they were, dozens of them, it seemed; fair faces and freckled ones, some dimpled and some thin; all bearing the marks of a long journey on soot-streaked features and grimy hands, but all wonderfully merry and good-natured.

Just then a tired-looking man swung himself down the steps, and stood looking around him, knitting his brows nervously. He heard the girl's question, and then her father's reply: 'I don't know, my dear, I am sure; but I'll inquire if you wish.'

The man's brows relaxed a little and he answered them without waiting to be addressed. 'They are children sent out by an aid society in the East. I am taking them to homes in Kansas, mostly in the country.'

'You don't mean to tell me,' the old gentleman exclaimed in surprise, 'that you have the care of that entire car full of children! How do you ever manage them all?'

The man grinned. 'It does look like a case of the old woman that lived in a shoe, but there are not as many as it would seem. They can spread themselves over a good deal of territory, and I'm blessed if some of 'em can't be in half-a-dozen places at once. There's a little English girl in the lot—fourteen years or thereabouts—that keeps a pretty sharp eye on them. Then they're mostly raised to taking care of themselves.' Some one accosted him, and he turned away. Grace looked up at the bewitching little face, still watching her with eager interest.

'Poor baby!' she said to herself. 'Poor little homeless curly head! If I could only do something for you!' Then she realized that even the opportunity she had was slipping away, and held up the box. 'Here, Robin,' she called, 'take it inside so that you can eat them without spilling them.'

'All of 'em?' he asked with a radiant smile. He stretched out his dirty, dimpled fingers. 'All of 'em,' he repeated with satisfaction, as he balanced the box on the sill. 'All for Big Brother and me!'

Another face appeared at the window beside Robin's, one very much like it; grave and sweet, with the same delicate moulding of features. There was no halo of sunny curls on the finely shaped head, but the persistent wave of the darker, closely cut hair, showed what it had been at Robin's age. There was no color in the face either. The lines of the sensitive mouth had a pathetic suggestion of suppressed trouble. He was a manly-looking boy, but his face was far too sad for a child of ten.

'Gracie,' said Mrs. Estel, 'your father said the train will not start for fifteen minutes. He has gone back to stay with your mother. Would you like to go through the car with me, and take a look at the little waifs?'

'Yes, indeed,' was the answer. 'Think how far they have come. I wish we had found them sooner.'

A lively game of tag was going on in the aisle. Children swarmed over the seats and under them. One boy was spinning a top. Two or three were walking around on their hands, with their feet in the air. The gayest group seemed to be in the far end of the car, where two seats full of children were amusing themselves by making faces at each other. The uglier the contortion, and more frightful the grimace, the louder they laughed.

In one corner the English girl whom the man had mentioned, sat mending a little crocheted jacket, belonging to one of the children. She was indeed keeping a sharp eye on them.

''Enry,' she called authoritatively, 'stop teasing those girls, Hi say. Pull the 'airs from your own 'ead, and see 'ow you like that naow! Sally, you shall not drink the 'ole enjuring time. Leave the cup be! No, Maggie, Hi can tell no story naow. Don't you see Hi must be plying my needle? Go play, whilst the car stops.'

Robin smiled on Grace like an old friend when she appeared at the door, and moved over to make room for her on the seat beside him. He had no fear of strangers, so he chattered away in confiding baby fashion, but the older boy said nothing. Sometimes he smiled when she told some story that made Robin laugh out heartily, but it seemed to her that it was because the little brother was pleased that he laughed, not because he listened.

Presently Mrs. Estel touched her on the shoulder. 'The time is almost up. I am going to ask your father to bring my things in here. As you leave at the next station, I could not have your company much longer, anyhow. I have all the afternoon ahead of me, and I want something to amuse me.'

'I wish I could stay with you,' answered Grace, 'but mamma is such an invalid I cannot leave her that long. She would be worrying about me all the time.'

She bade Robin an affectionate good-bye, telling him that he was the dearest little fellow in the world, and that she could never forget him. He followed her with big, wistful eyes as she passed out, but smiled happily when she turned at the door to look back and kiss her hand to him.

At the next station, where they stopped for a few minutes, he watched for her anxiously. Just as the train began to pull out he caught a glimpse of her. There was a flutter of a white handkerchief, and a bundle came flying in through the window.

He looked out quickly, just in time to see her stepping into a carriage. Then a long line of freight cars obstructed the view. By the time they had passed them they were beyond even the straggling outskirts of the village, with wide cornfields stretching in every direction, and it was of no use to look for her any longer.

Mrs. Estel lost no time in making the young English girl's acquaintance. She was scarcely settled in her seat before she found an opportunity. Her umbrella slipped from the rack, and the girl sprang forward to replace it.

'You have had a tiresome journey,' Mrs. Estel remarked pleasantly, after thanking her.

'Yes, indeed, ma'am!' answered the girl, glad of someone to talk to instead of the children, whose remarks were strictly of an interrogative nature. It was an easy matter to draw her into conversation, and in a short time Mrs. Estel was listening to little scraps of history that made her eyes dim and her heart ache.

'Do you mind telling me your name?' she asked at length.

'Ellen, ma'am.'

'But the other,' continued Mrs. Estel.

'We're not to tell, ma'am.' Then seeing the look of inquiry on her face, explained, 'Sometimes strangers make trouble, hasking the little ones hall sorts hof questions; so we've been told not to say where we're going, nor hany think helse.'

'I understand,' answered Mrs. Estel quickly. 'I ask only because I am so much interested. I have a little girl at home that I have been away from for a week, but she has a father and a grandmother and a nurse to take care of her while I am gone. It makes me feel so sorry for these poor little things turned out in the world alone.'

'Bless you, ma'am!' exclaimed Ellen cheerfully. 'The 'omes they're going to be a sight better than the 'omes they've left behind. Naow there's 'Enery; 'is mother died hin a drunken fit. 'E never knew nothink hall 'is life but beating and starving, till the Haid Society took 'im hin 'and.

'Then there's Sally. Why, Sally's living 'igh naow—hoff the fat hof the land, has you might say. Heverybody knows 'ow 'er hold huncle treated 'er!'

Mrs. Estel smiled as she glanced at Sally, to whom the faucet of the water-cooler seemed a never-failing source of amusement. Ellen had put a stop to her drinking, which she had been doing at intervals all the morning, solely for the pleasure of seeing the water stream out when she turned the stop-cock. Now she had taken a tidy spell. Holding her bit of a handkerchief under the faucet long enough to get it dripping wet, she scrubbed herself with the ice-water, until her cheeks shone like rosy winter apples.

Then she smoothed the wet, elfish-looking hair out of her black eyes, and proceeded to scrub such of the smaller children as could not escape from her relentless grasp. Some submitted dumbly, and others struggled under her vigorous application of the icy rag, but all she attacked came out clean and shining.

Her dress was wringing wet in front, and the water was standing in puddles around her feet, when the man who had them in charge came through the car again. He whisked her impatiently into a seat, setting her down hard. She made a saucy face behind his back, and began to sing at the top of her voice.

(To be continued.)

FIFTY-FIVE IN ALL.
1 little Monkey making cherry pies;
2 little Turtles running for a prize;
3 little Peacocks driving out in state;
4 little Goslings learning how to skate;
5 little Katydids going to a ball;
6 little Tadpoles rowing in a yawl;
7 little Owlets looking at the moon;
8 little Fireflies up in a balloon;
9 little White Mice living in a shoe;
10 little Butterflies
55 with not a thing to do.
Emma C. Dowd
Pictures by Bridgman
DANGER
GEESE

GRANDMA'S STORY.

(By Maria Spalding.)

'Grandma, tell us a story!' clamored some half-dozen childish voices as I stepped into the playroom one rainy day, to see what the little ones were about.

'Nonsense!' said I, 'go on with your play, do not bother grandma.'

'Grandma is never bovered!' exclaimed little five-year-old Nellie.

I was immediately escorted by the six to the easiest chair in the room. Nellie and Robbie perched themselves each on an arm of the chair, and twining their little fat arms about my neck, begged me with winning words, 'Begin!'

When my loving heart had been made full to the brim with sweet words and caresses, I was ready to fulfil my part and tell them a story. I have thought if I were to relate the story that I told in the play-room that dreary day, that in these days of prohibition, when all classes are getting deeper and deeper into the great and important question, that some who are not my grandchildren might see that none are too young to aid in the noble cause.

When I was a little girl, my father was one of the leading merchants in the State of Vermont. Like all storekeepers of those days, he sold liquors. My home was in one of the largest and most prominent towns in the state, and no one had things nicer than we had. I was about eleven years old when the Rev. Mr. Burchard caused in proportion as much excitement in my childish heart, as he did in the heart of the great Republican party of 1884.

One evening my mother permitted me to go with some of the older Academy girls to hear him on temperance. I thought there was to be some fun. Soon, however, I discovered that it was a very serious time and place, and so I cuddled myself up in the corner for a nap. Excepting a few extremely sad stories related, I did not hear much that was said, until the speaker in thundering tone exclaimed, 'The rum-seller is worse than the drunkard himself—he is lost, for in God's eye he is a murderer!'

Those fierce, denunciatory words set my childish heart to thumping wildly; I was sufficiently old to realize the meaning of every word uttered, and that my much-loved parent came under that curse. That God could call my father a murderer, excited me fearfully. How or when I reached home I scarcely know, but as I saw the sitting-room door ajar, I peeped in, and there before the glowing fire on the hearth, warming his feet, sat the one being I loved best on earth, looking anything but a murderer. I stood a second on the threshold, drinking in the quiet peaceful scene, then, with a convulsive sob, I bounded into the arms stretched out towards me. For a few minutes I lay sobbing out my intense excitement on his shoulder. When by his gentle caresses I was quieted, I told him what had occurred, and began pleading with him. He tried to reason with me, but it was of no avail. So, fearing a return of my excitement, I suppose, he said it was such a big thing for him to do that he would have to think of it, and with a few more caresses he carried me in his strong arms up-stairs to bed. Twice after he had left the room I called him to me, and pulling his dear face down to mine I kissed his lips, and looking into his loving eyes, said: 'Remember, father, you must do this thing for me.'

After asking God to bless my father in his decision, I laid my head on the pillow, but it was long after midnight ere my sorrow was drowned in sleep. The next morning my heavy eyes told the story to my parents, but the all-important subject was not referred to, even my brothers and sisters having been warned to keep silent. My father usually walked as far as the store with his daughters on their way to school. On that particular morning, I let go of his hand and drew back, so he would kiss my sister first, then, when my turn came, I had the chance to whisper, 'Don't forget to think!'

All day at school the words of the preacher haunted me, and in fact for three days I could not be diverted from the one absorbing idea that my dear father must not buy and sell liquor. At last, father, fearing I should become sick from the worry, thought he had devised a plan by which he hoped I might be diverted.

The store was a large brick structure standing about twenty rods from the river. In spring I was accustomed to sit on its bank and fish by the hour. But at this time it was a solid sheet of ice from bank to bank, with here and there water holes where horses and cattle were brought to drink.

Now, one night as I sat upon his knee my father made this proposition: I was to empty every hogshead of its contents with a pint measure; each cupful was to be turned into the river, and when this task was accomplished, he promised me that the hogsheads should never be refilled. His word was gold. I did not imagine that this would be an easy task; but I was too young to see that my good father thought he had the best of the bargain. So after a moment's deliberation, when I declared, 'I'll do it if it takes me a year,' I saw tears spring to father's eyes; but he exclaimed, well, go ahead, my energetic little daughter!'

My uncle Charley, who was but a lad at that time, was making us a visit. When he heard my declaration, he said: 'I must see the end of this thing, and will keep the path open for you, Rachel!' This was cheering news to my unsophisticated heart; for the snow was very deep between the back door of the store and the river much of the winter.

The following morning I hurried through my breakfast, and without waiting for anyone, ran to the store, and had carried the pint cup to the river twice before school-time. I did not know then that the dear father had reached the store very nearly as soon as I, and unseen by me had watched me with the little cup go singing down the path. The busy events of the day, however, had almost obliterated the scene of the morning from his mind. For, when after school I appeared again, and was passing through the front store to the liquor room, father called out from some distant corner, 'What now, little daughter?'

I laughingly shook my head in reply, and was soon at the river with another cup of the horrid stuff. It was a bitter cold night, and I quickly dashed the liquid into the water-hole, and ran back up the walk as fast as I could, to keep warm. When I reached the door again, I saw father standing bareheaded, while the cutting wind played havoc with his hair, watching me all the while. He eagerly caught me in his arms, and with tears coursing down his cheeks, he covered my face with kisses, and before he set me on my feet again, he had promised that in less than twenty-four hours, every drop of liquor in his store should be flowing with the river to Lake Champlain.

From that day on, through many, many years, that promise given to a mere child was considered sacred, and the influence growing out of it widened and broadened over that village until it was not only disreputable to sell the stuff, but it could not be done openly without a license. The love and affection of the daughter, soon caused the intelligent father to look deeper into 'cause and effect,' and so as 'mighty oaks do from acorns grow,' a mighty temperance reform was started from that small beginning that no amount of persecution has ever been able to trample down. 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might,' little ones!—'Presbyterian Observer.'

SUCCESSFUL OFFICE BOYS.

An editor of a great city daily was speaking a few days ago about the services of his office boy.

'I don't believe there is a person in the building who has anything against the boy,' said he. 'Arthur is always on time, always ready, and quiet, and thoroughly reliable.'

Someone who stood by took the occasion to ask a question.

'Is it really true that a boy who is responsible and willing, is always noticed?'

'Oh! yes!' said the editor. 'Noticed almost at once, and all over the office.'

'But what are his chances about being promoted? In a large office I should think there would be really little chance, yet one continually sees it stated that reliable boys are sure to be promoted.'

The editor answered with decision:

'The chances are almost certain. I should say they were certain. A boy who is reliable, and willing to work, and who shows a disposition to do his best, is sure to be promoted as fast as he deserves to be. Of course, in our office we have all sorts of boys—boys who are shiftless, and have no interest in their work, who stay a short time and drift away. That sort of boy doesn't count. But now, Arthur has been with us two years. In all that time he has been keen and business-like, ready to do anything, always pleasant, and prompt, and capable. The boy before Arthur was much the same sort of boy. He grew interested in the typewriter. He stayed after hours and practiced on it till he became thoroughly skilful with it. That boy is now the business manager's stenographer.—'American Paper.'

A LITTLE PHILOSOPHER.

MRS. MARGARET SANGSTER.

The days are short and the nights are long,
And the wind is nipping cold;
The tasks are hard and the sums are wrong,
And the teachers often scold.
But Johnny McCree,
Oh, what cares he,
As he whistles along the way?
'It will all come right
By to-morrow night,'
Says Johnny McCree to-day.

The plums are few and the cakes are plain,
The shoes are out at the toe;
For money you look in your purse in vain—
It was all spent long ago.
But Johnny McCree,
Oh, what cares he,
As he whistles along the street?
Would you have the blues
For a pair of shoes
While you have a pair of feet?

The snow is deep, there are paths to break,
But the little arm is strong,
And work is play if you'll only take
Your work with a little song.
And Johnny McCree,
Oh, what cares he,
As he whistles along the road?
He will do his best,
And leave the rest
To the care of his Father, God.

The mother's face is often sad,
She scarce knows what to do;
But at Johnny's kiss she is bright and glad;
She loves him, and wouldn't you?
For Johnny McCree,
Oh, what cares he,
As he whistles along the way?
The trouble will go,
And 'I told you so.'
Our brave little John will say.

A MAN IN OUR TOWN.

MARY L. WYATT.

(Recitation for a small boy.)

There was a man in our town,
Who thought himself quite wise.
He jumped into a bramble bush,
And scratched out both his eyes.
This bramble bush High License was;
It took his sight away,
And so he couldn't see the wrong
In alcohol's free sway.

But when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped into a temp'rance bush,
And scratched them in again.
And now he votes 'No License,'
And lauds it to the skies.
And so this man in our town
Is really wondrous wise.
—West Medford, Mass.

THE FOUNDLING

DON'T DODGE DIFFICULTIES.

Every Sunday-school class is a hard class to teach. Some classes, indeed, are comparatively easy to manage; but the classes that are easiest to manage are often the hardest to teach. More glorious results are frequently achieved from a noisy benchful of rude and inattentive boys than from a sweet circle of little girls that smile at the teacher and think about the other girls' dresses.

The real reason why some persons ask for an 'easy class' in Sunday-school is not that they are afraid of making a failure, but that they are afraid their failure will show. Dodging difficulties is poor business for a servant of Christ, and usually proves unsuccessful.—'Sunday-School Times.'

The faith that moves mountains, began on grains of sand.

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